*Rich.* Well you deſerv'd:
They well deſerue to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get,
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares ſhew their love, but want their remidies.
Coſin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we muſt, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Coſin, is it ſo?

*Bul.* Yea, my good Lord.

*Rich.* Then I muſt not ſay, no. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Quinta.*

*Enter Queene, and two Ladies.*

*Qu.* What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

*La.* Madam, we'le play at Bowles.

*Qu.* 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.

*La.* Madam, we'le Dance.

*Qu.* My legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.

*La.* Madam, we'le tell Tales.

*Qu.* Of ſorrow, or of griefe?

*La.* Of eyther Madam.

*Qu.* Of neyther Girle.
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And



And what I want, it bootes no
*La.* Madam, Ile ſing.
*Qu.* 'Tis well that thou haſt
But thou ſhould ſt pleaſe me b
*La.* I could weepe, Madam
*Qu.* And I could ſing, wou
And never borrow any Teare
*Enter a Gardiner, an*
But ſtay, heere comes the Gar
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of
My wretchedneſſe, unto a Row
They'le talke of ſtate: for eve
Againſt a change; Woe is fore
*Gard.* Goe binde thou up yo
VVhich like unruly Children,
Stoupe with oppreſſion of their
Give ſome ſupportance to the
Goe thou, and like an Execu
Cut off the heads of, too faſt g
That looke too lofty in our C
All muſt be even, in our Gover
You thus imploy'd, I will go
The noyſome weedes, that wit
The Soyles fertility from whol
*Ser.* Why ſhould we, in the co
Keepe Law and Forme, and d
Shewing as in a Modell our fir
When our Sea-walled Garden
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Fl
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, h
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her
Swarming with Caterpillers.
*Gard.* Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſor
Hath now himſelfe met with t
The Weeds that his broad-ſpr
That ſeem'd, in eating him, t
Are pull'd up, Root and all, by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA